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the resemblance which exists between this Runic cosmogony and those of Hesiod and Zoroaster, as set forth in the Theogonia and the Zendavesta, and between all these and the Genesis of Moses. In the beginning, we are informed, there existed only chaos; typified by the giant Ymer: the gods created the earth, and seeing that it was sterile and desolate, spread over it the starry firmament, placing the sun in the centre, to shine above the mountains and warm the earth into verdure. Then they made Ask and Embla, the parents of the human race, and assembled in the plain of Ida to forge the metals, and fabricate therefrom implements for their use. We have also the allegory of the tree of life, above whose spreading branches a luminous cloud continually hung; and the appearance of the Nornes, three august virgins, the Fates of the Runic mythology, whose names are Urda, Verdandi, and Skulda.

A race of dwarfs appear on the scene, whose chiefs are Mod-sognir and Durin, the representatives of the active and passive principles in nature. These pigmies are the genii of the winds, the torrents, the cascades, the clouds, and the glaciers; they are also the forces which give verdure to the foliage of the forest and the herbage of the plain, and to the flowers their colour and perfume. The Greek imagination did not more completely people the earth and ocean with supernatural forms.

The peace of the infant world is broken by the murder of Balder, son of Odin, by his brother Hoder, whose sad fate causes the earth to mourn, and Freya (the moon) to withdraw her light. Vali avenges the death of Balder; and Lok, the evil genius of the world, the tempter to the crime, is bound upon a bed of fire. There, in the realms of torment, a dark flood rolls its fetid waters, to which are consigned perjurers, murderers, and adulterers. There the dog Garm howls frightful discord, and the untamed wolf Freki rattles his chain. But in the gardens of the blessed, the sound of the harp is heard, the woods are melodious with the song of birds, and the heroes are awakened by Fialar, the cock of the shining plumage, to their daily banquet and mimic fight.

The earth becomes filled with corruption and bloodshed; the brother falls by the hand of a brother; hostile armies crimson with blood the green of earth's carpet; cruelty and impurity are universally practised. Signs are seen which portend the end of the world: the branches of the tree of life are strangely agitated, and the luminous cloud disappears. The Iotes, the enemies of the gods, take courage; Lok is on their side, and with them comes the wolf Freki and the black dragon Nidhogre. Swords of fire are their weapons. The mountains tremble, and the genii of the earth retire into the recesses of their sacred caverns. After a terrific battle, the gods

are overcome by the giants; and then comes the triumph of evil and the destruction of the world. The lights of the firmament are extinguished, the earth sinks beneath the waves of the stormy ocean, and darkness and silence reign supreme over all. This state of things does not, however, continue always: a new earth rises from the sea, the heavenly bodies again shine forth from the darkness, the gods return to life, and the reign of peace and virtue commences, under the laws of Forsete, the god of justice, and son of Balder.

The religious system of the Scandinavian nations of antiquity is abundantly displayed in the various ballads of the poetic Edda which follow the remarkable Vision of Vala. In the song or poem of Vafthrudner we have a trial of knowledge between Odin and a giant, each striving to give the best explanation of the marvels of creation. The song of Grimner is a description of the twelve celestial abodes. In that of Alvis a wise dwarf enumerates to Thor the various orders of beings, in the language of the gods and the Iotes, the dwarfs and mankind; the enumeration is supposed to typify the different nations that succeeded each other on the Scandinavian soil. These are followed by three poems on the exploits of Thor, two on the death of Balder, one on the amours of Freya, and two on the genealogy of the kings. The series is closed by the remarkable poem called the Banquet of Egir, the deity who presides over the ocean, in which Lok, who is the impersonation of irony and malice, rallies the assembled gods, and holds up to ridicule the sacred mysteries.

From these ancient Runic poems has been gathered all that is known of the Scandinavian mythology, which may be thus summed up. An invisible and eternal spirit, called Alfader, the universal parent, ruled from the beginning the principles which, in combination, produced the world. A pestilential vapour, first condensed by the cold of Nefelheim (the North Pole) into an enormous mass of ice, was afterwards thawed by the heat of Muspelheim (the South Pole), and became the giant Ymer, who, during a profound sleep, gave birth to Hrymur, the demon of frost and progenitor of the Iotes, and Surtur, the demon of fire. One of the gigantic race of the Iotes, named Bor, by his marriage with the giantess Belsta, became the father of Odin (life), Henir (light), and Loder (heat), who attacked Ymer and destroyed him. His dismembered body produced the elements: his flesh became the earth, his blood the water, his bones the mountains, his hair the plants, his brains the clouds, and his eyes the celestial luminaries. In the centre of the earth rose Ygdrasil, the tree of life, whose topmost boughs reached the heavens.

TOURING IN IRELAND IN 1854.

ON several previous occasions we gave numerous illustrations of Irish scenery. We now propose to resume the subject. The first of the accompanying engravings is a sketch of Crookhaven, a most picturesquely situated little town, the focus, or at least the future focus, of what promises to be the scene of vast mining industrial enterprise in this part of Ireland, as it would have been long before this, but for untoward circumstances, now happily fast passing away, which have hitherto retarded the prosperity of the interesting portion of the empire we are at present speaking of.

Reverting again to the main road, on the way to Killarney, and between Crookstown and Gougane Barra, we come to the spot indicated in the first of the annexed smaller illustrations.

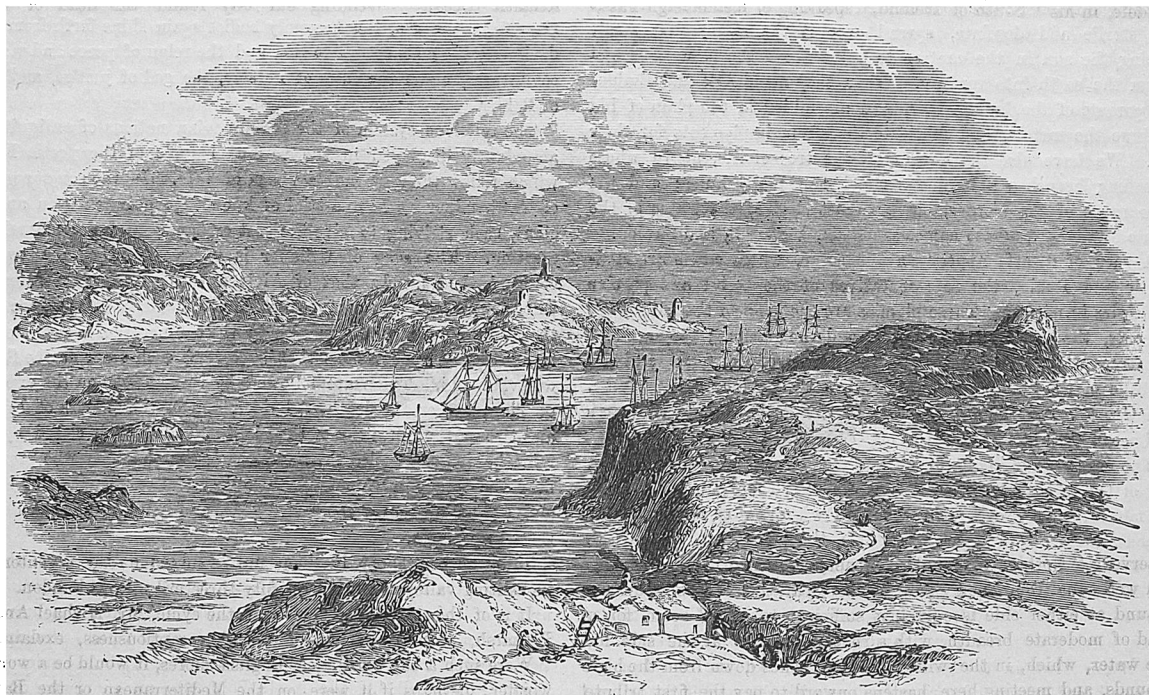
Inchigeela is about twenty-four miles distant from Bandon, possessing a church, parsonage, chapel, police-barrack, an inn, and several neat whitewashed houses. Here we again obtain a view of the river Lee, which runs close by the village. After quitting Inchigeela, a short and pretty drive brings us in sight of the Lakes, about three miles in length. Here the Lee expands itself into a broad sheet of water, and three continuous lakes present in their entire course a diversified series of the most animated scenery, dotted with little islands. The road along the side of the lakes is very beautiful, and winds round the northern margin of the shore, from which point the best view is Gougane.

Quitting the northern shore of the lake, we follow the course of

the Lee, and enter a lonely valley, encompassed with mountains, and after a few miles' ride arrive at the village of Ballingeary, on "the Place of the Wilderness," thirty miles distant from Bandon, and within four miles of the source of the river Lee. A spacious chapel, a national school-house, a road-side inn, and some few houses, constitute the village, from the bridge of which is seen a wild moory glen through which flows the Ballingeary stream, winding down the valley, and emptying itself noiselessly into the Lee. A rude and ancient church stands upon an eminence, about a mile up the glen, and several antiquated buildings are observable in the vicinity. A few miles further on we approach Gougane, through a narrow road, situated at the base of a steep mountain, presenting the appearance of a craggy wilderness, and arrive at the head of Keimaneigh Pass, within a short mile of the Holy Lake of Gougane Barra, situated at the bottom of a circular chain of mountains, wild in the aspect of its surrounding scenery; but the tourist can form no conception of the scene of lovely loneliness till he contemplates it within its perfect amphitheatre of rugged hills. A short curve in the pathway at once displays the whole scene to view; and a more complete picture of wild desolation or majestic mountain grandeur it is impossible to conceive. The small island, whence its sacredness, is nearly midway in the lake; and on the island are a group of graceful ash trees, and the ruins of a chapel, the hermitage of Saint Finnibar of the Silver Locks, before lie

journeyed to found his great church at Cork. The well here was supposed to be consecrated; and there was a great bi-annual pilgrimage of peasants, who had faith in the power of the water to

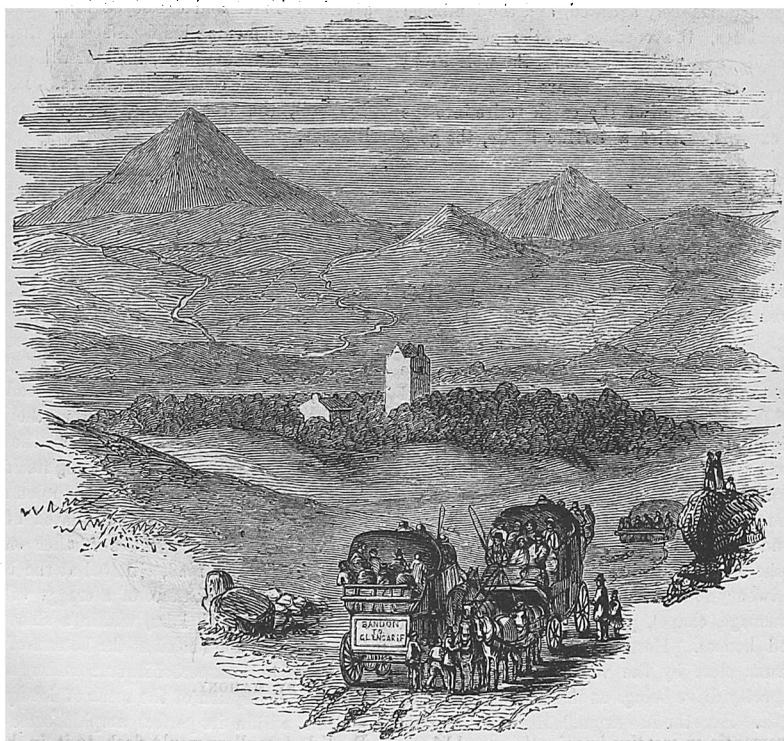
Should the tourist have an opportunity, we would advise him to ascend the top of the mountain which overlooks the Lake of Gougane, and which is accessible, although with much toil and



CROOKHAVEN HARBOUR.—DRAWN BY MAHONY.

cure all diseases, both of man and beast. The lake of Gougane covers five hundred acres. Its waters are generally placid, and in their still depths the giant hills around are reflected. Proceeding

difficulty, in the summer season. The summit is a mass of black rock, in the form of a druid's altar, from which a magnificent view of Bantry Bay is obtained; the Killarney, Glengariff, and Bere-



INCHIGEELA CASTLE, ON THE ROAD TO BANTRY BY GOUGANE BARRA.—DRAWN BY MAHONY.

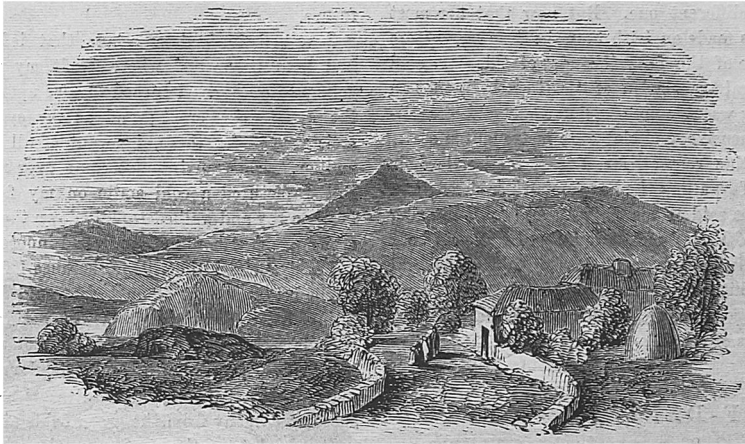
along a causeway, we are brought to the little verdant islet, where numerous small fountains gush out in tiny streams, the source of the "silver Lee."

haven mountains are also seen to great advantage; while underneath, the Pass of Keimaneigh, and the surrounding scenery of Gougane, form a glorious landscape. Returning from this lonely

scene, we re-enter the main road; and a hearty luncheon having been disposed of at the refreshment-room provided there, and a change of horses effected, we start again, and soon arrive at the celebrated Pass of Keimaneigh, thirty-four miles from Bandon. Mr. John Windele, in his "South of Ireland," speaking of Keimaneigh Pass,

paring realities, sometimes giving form and substance to airy nothings."

On arriving at the end of the pass, a beautiful view of Bantry Bay opens before us; and presently we approach the waters of the Atlantic Ocean. Wending our way round the head of this



LAKES OF INCHIGEELA.—DRAWN BY MAHONY.

observes: "Nothing in mountain scenery of glen, or dell, or defile, can well equal this gloomy pass. The separation of the mountain ground at either side is only just sufficient to afford room for a road of moderate breadth, with a rugged channel at one side for the water, which, in the winter season, rushes down from the high grounds, and meeting here, hastens onward to pay the first tribute

splendid harbour by an excellent and picturesque road, we enter the enchanting valley of Glengarriff, fifty-three miles from Bandon.

It is of this ravishing spot that the cynic, Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh, throwing aside for once his captiousness, exclaims—"Were such a bay lying upon English shores, it would be a world's wonder; perhaps if it were on the Mediterranean or the Baltic,



PASS OF KEIMANEIGH.—DRAWN BY MAHONY.

offered to the Lee. A romantic or creative imagination would here find a grand and extensive field for the exercise of its powers; every turn of the road brings us to some new appearance of the abrupt and shattered walls, which at either side rise up darkling to a great height, and the mind is continually occupied with the quick succession and change of objects so interesting, resolving and com-

English travellers would flock to it in hundreds. Why not come and see it in Ireland? It is less than a day's journey from London, and lies in a country far more strange to most travellers than France or Germany can be. The best view of this exquisite scene—the charm of a soft climate enhancing every other—is obtained from the height of the hilly road leading to Killarney, and at the

foot of which is a pretty cottage, preferred as a residence for many years by Lord Bantry to the stately mansion at Bantry. The summit of this hill, which is in fact within a private demesne, may be attained if the tourist will make up his mind for a fatiguing walk; but the result will amply reward him."

Not long since there existed at Glengariff only a single hotel, and even that was an indifferent one. But now that her most gracious Majesty's visit has made an Irish tour the fashion, visitors will find in the very centre of the fairy solitudes of this "rugged glen" (for such is the literal translation of "Glengariff"), not an ill-furnished and uninviting wayside *posada*, but a splendid caravan-sary on the most comprehensive and elaborate metropolitan scale, charges excepted; for in this respect, Mr. Roche, the landlord, is fortunately not ambitious of rivalling the Babylonian Bonifaces; and the same may with truth be said of his diligent and well-catering neighbour, the proprietor of Eccles' most admirable hotel. By boat Glengariff is seen to the fullest advantage. Having taken a general view of the delightful amphitheatre surrounding Roche's Hotel, we proceed to Cromwell's Bridge, passing Garnish and Brandy Islands, and enter the limpid waters of the Glengariff river.

SELF-DENIAL; OR, PASSAGES OF A LIFE.

BY A WAYFARER.

I.

ALWAYS thought our village the prettiest spot on earth. There was the house of the rector, buried in foliage and surrounded by grounds kept with scrupulous care, and yet half-wild with their growths of trees, with the tiny stream that flowed behind the kitchen-garden, and the little pond, where we as children used to float our boats and fish. It was an ancient house, too, with memories of the past clinging to it with as much tenacity as the ivy that clothed its aged walls. It had been the scene of tragedies, that were darkly whispered still, but which had occurred when the Parliamentarians and Royalists held our village in turns.

It was scarcely dawn of day, when a window of the rectory was cautiously raised and a head protruded. It was the head of a youth about nineteen, not unintelligent, I believe, but much sunburnt, as if its owner were fond of rambling in the fields in sunny places, and utterly careless of his complexion. This youth looked around observantly, and then cast a bundle on the greensward. Next came a double-knotted sheet, which served as a rope-ladder, and the youth was down.

I had fled from my father's house, and was alone in the world, with nothing but a few clothes and little more than a shilling in my pocket.

We had had a conversation the night before about my future destiny. My father had wished one thing, I another. He had insisted; I had resisted, and raised my voice in passion. With a sternness which was his characteristic, and that made me quail at the moment, he had ordered me to bed. I had obeyed, as far as going to my room constituted obedience; but I had not even undressed. I heard him come to my door and listen about an hour later, and I thought I even heard a sob; but however this may be, I steeled my heart against every soft emotion, and buried my head in my hands.

At dawn of day I fled.

I had received a careful, even a polished education; and my father had given me the choice of the church, physic, or the law. I chose the army, to which my father had a most unconquerable aversion. I had an equal dislike to those professions offered to me; and thus it was we quarrelled. He painted the profession of arms in such odious colours that my anger got the better of my reason.

"At all events, it is better than the drudgery of physic and law, or the trade of religion!" I said, in a voice that raised the echoes of the house.

There was a look on my father's face that made me feel sorry for my coarse language; but I had no time to manifest my grief; for, with words stern and cold, he ordered me to bed.

But of what is past let me speak no more. I have made my choice. I have resolved to do battle with the world, and I have

commenced the strife, for I am on the highway to London, and alone. I had made up my mind to walk. It is true I could have travelled outside the coach easily, on the strength of my father's name; but I did not think this honest. I was wilful and obstinate; but I was proud in the right way also. I had selected my path; it was my business to find the means of subsistence for the future.

I walked slowly down a lane that led behind the house where I had been born, and where dwelt my parents, my sister, and a younger brother. I turned to gaze upon one window round which the honeysuckle crept; and as my eyes fell upon it, they were moistened;—for there, ignorant of all that was passing, slept my mother. Then an impulse came over me to turn back, and yield. But I pictured a cold smile on my father's face, and I turned firmly away and walked rapidly down the green lane—scene of many of my happiest hours of study and innocence.

I had avoided the village, because I feared the questions which might be put to me. Somebody would be surely up, and I should, I thought, betray myself. I lost nothing, I knew, by taking this cross lane. It only took me to another part of the great road that led to London. Like all outcasts, I rushed at once towards the great modern Babylon, which attracts and lures, with unexampled success, so many from the green fields and quiet nooks of England.

It was about an hour after sunrise when I halted, and sat down by the road-side. I had with me a good hunch of bread and cheese, and I was near a little brook that rattled clear and soft over the well-worn stones. I was rather faint, and tried to eat. I confess that I burst out crying. It was very weak; but I verily do believe that the thought of the neat breakfast-parlour, the warm coffee, the hissing urn, the fresh eggs, and delicious bread which usually formed our morning repast, had an influence over me which I was ashamed to acknowledge to myself.

If we honestly review our characters and inclinations, we shall often find that trifles have an influence over our acts and proceedings which, in general, we are too proud to acknowledge; for myself, could I have crept back unseen to my room at that moment, I think I should have done so; have breakfasted, begged my father's pardon, and become saw-bones, lawyer, or clergyman, just as he had decided. But I feared ridicule above all; and at that moment an occurrence took place which somewhat diverted my thoughts.

I was eating my hard crust and drinking water out of a broken glass, when I heard footsteps, and, raising my head, saw approaching me a youth about my own age—short, red-haired, merry-looking, a stick in his hand, a bundle on his back—to all appearance, by his clothes, a mechanic or tramp for work.

"Good morning," said he cavalierly. I suppose, having seen my slender provender, he allowed himself the more liberty of speech.

"Good morning," I replied, rather surlily.

"Going my way?" he continued with perfect good humour, at the same time sitting down on the opposite side of the little brook, which escaped across the road under a neat little wooden bridge.

"I am going to London," I said again surlily.

"Are you?" he resumed. "Then you've got a very bad taste in shoes. Those light things will never take you to London, and that suit of clothes will be spoilt with dust. What trade are you, mate?"

"I have no trade," I said fiercely. "I am going to London because it pleases me to go; and I have my own reasons for being dressed as I am."

With these words I rose, and snatching up my bundle, hurried away without once looking behind. I soon, however, heard my questioner, after indulging in a hearty laugh, come whistling up behind me. I, however, paid no attention to him, but trudged on wrapped in my own thoughts, which were not of the most agreeable-kind.

I felt an oppression and sinking at the heart which was of the most painful character. I could have sobbed and cried as I went, but kept down my rising emotions, because I was on a high-road, with people constantly passing, and also because every hour or so I came to a village, once to a town. I did not stop in any of them; the more because my persevering friend of the morning kept close behind me, never speaking, not even coming near me, but whistling